ACROSS THE NEW YORK FOOTLIGHTS By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.

In every American city enjoying a population of sufficient size to warrant more than one letter carfier, one bakery-wagon boy and two professional drunkards, there is to be found a collection of individuals who meet every few weeks in some one's front parlor and simultaneously have a plate of ice creany and cake and an ambition to improve the drama. The majority of these congresses refer to themselves by the name of "Stage Societies." Things have come to the point, indeed, where one of these tages societies is as much a part of the life of an American village as a framed sepia lithograph of the Coliseum, a phonograph record of Tosti's "Goodbye." and the belief that Mary Pickford makes \$500,000 a year.

Not to fall behind such metropoli as Ogrutts Falls and Appeigate Corners, New York has also come to the front with a stage society has, in turn, now come to the front with a stage society has, in turn, now come to the front with a production upon the electric-lighted promontory of the Galety Theater of a play by a Mr. Daniel Garretson called "The Soul Machine." In just what manner New York Stage Society Lodge MMDCXI believes to uplift or otherwise Improve the native platform with such a play as "The Soul Machine" is some where what uneasy of appreciation. That is, of course, granting this to be the purpose of the organisation in point. It may be that the New York Stage Society Lodge MMDCXI believes to uplift or otherwise Improve the native platform with such a play as "The Soul Machine" is some week to have the night of our little was the new York Stage Society Lodge MMDCXI believes to uplift or otherwise Improve the native platform with such a play as "The Soul Machine" is some week to have the night of our little was week to have the night of our little was who were the greatest actor in the world and we expect to have the night of our little world and couldn't you fly over me and the wind couldn't

ciety has no such notion in its con-stitution. It may, in faith, be merely a joy ciub or a dance-verein, a gath-ering of congenial souls out for a high old time who chanced accidentally to call themselves a stage society for want of a catchier name. But, not being privy to other purposes, it re-mains only to take the organization diterally and, so taking it, to approach its public manifestations with a professional theatrical eye.

"The Soul Machine," though credit—

Hopin you'll fly over as suggested, I

ed upon the play bill to the male named above, is—at least according to Broadway bookmakers who have laid odds of one hundred to one on the dark horse—a product of the pen of ther definiteness say. Yet so many are the typical Thomaseries of the play, so seemingly obvious the give-aways, that the prevalent belief as to the fathering of the plece may be indursed with some conviction. Basically, the play against one little kind look. (Signed) BOB DAVIS.

P. P. S.—I'll be wearin a black suit of clothes, white shirt, white cravat and patent leather shoes (you can't see 'em but you can hear 'em.) You can't misstake me. (Signed) BOB. Augustus Thomas. Whether or : Mr. Thomas is actually the chef ally, the play echoes the scientific detective fictions begun some fifteen years ago in the Strand Magazine by a Bartholomae's farce "Over Night." The production is sponsored by the Marbury-and since pursued, five or six years back, by Balmer and McHarg in Hampton's measure of litting, if already familiar, and convertly in diverse invested by the Association together with the second converted to the production of the production is sponsored by the Marbury-and survey of litting, if already familiar, syncongiling together with the second converted to the play echoes the scientific detective fictions. At the Princess Theater, a musical entertainment is derived from Philip production is sponsored by the Marbury-and survey and surve and, currently, in divers journals by Arthur B. Reeve. The natures of these fic-tions, the most recent of which reflect the classroom addresses of such professors of the occult as Herr Munsterberg, of Harvard, is familiar to my flock. Some one, so goes the recipe, is suspected of something. The regular mintons of the law are baffled. Comes then into the case one Rupert the Wise, a fellow of science. Rupert attaches to the nose of the suspect a mailodorometer, which is to say a baking-nowder can filled with science. Rupert attaches to the nose of the suspect a malodorometer, which is to say a baking-powder can filled with a mixture of carbolic acid. Port Salut cheese, perforated Bermuda onions and Jockey Club perfume. The suspect, insulated psychologically by the compound and unable to resist the metaphysical power of its fumes, thereupon betrays his guilt by twitching his left ear.

Garnishing a scientific triumph of this Garnishing a scientific triumph of this

species with a deal of muddy lecturing on allied subjects, the author of the Stage Society's exhibit has given birth to a melodrama that reveals little else than a and skilled in the externals of play-naking. The affair is filled with much opaque bosh and its rostrum animadver-sions upon various phases of hypnotism and such like amusements are, to say the least, suspiciously spoofish. For exami the play divulges an instance of long-distance hypnotism that tickles the ribs even more wholesomely than the you-can't-pull-that-trigger whimsy of "The Witching Hour." Certainly, this was not meant seriously by the author. Indeed, there are several points in the play that increase the conviction that the composition was intended as an experiment upon the public, an effort to determine for once and all just how much hocus-pocus it would stand,

There is one scene in the contains good melodrama material of the patent kind, this the scene wherein the "Soul Machine," or so-called psycho-meter, is demonstrated. The flicker of the instrument's light in a darkened as gradually it betrays the villain's unwilling reaction to certain guilt-fasten-ing words massages the average spine with the proper degree of impressiveness. But the balance of the script is merely windy. Among the feats performed by the cast, in addition to the long-distant hypnotism coup already alluded to, is the dreaming by a man's sister of the feloreaming by a man's sister of the fellow's death at the very moment he has
breathed his last, to say nothing of a
side dish to the dream in which the
psychic baggage enjoys a vision of the
murderer whom (Feat No. 2) she later
recognizes on the streets of New York.
The brother (Feat No. 3), having been
done to death in Milwaukee. Besides
these juicy specimens of the imagination,
there is a succulent ado over sures male there is a succulent ado over auras, male and female.

One cannot, to repeat, mistake the Thomas touch, or influence. There is in

Thomas touch, or influence. There is in the piece all the empty profundity, the obscure dialectic, the poutar-pigeon learning, to which we have grown accustomed in the later works of this misguided dramatist—a dramatist of so keen a skill in play-building that it is something of a pity he has not contented himself with alming merely to compose agreeable theatrical pastimes in lieu of these dramas in whose theses he is insufficiently learned and practiced. The cast which presented "The Soul Machine" included Vincent Serrano, Eugene O'Brien, Bennett Southard, Helen Robertson, Edith Luckett and Jane Harburg. The physical, if not the psychical, phases of the production were managed with a sufficient measure of advoltness. If these Stage Societies desire to accomplish anything for the native theater, If these Stage Societies desire to accomplish anything for the native theater, however, let them have done with the promulgation of such stuffs as "The Soul Machine" and dig down into the trunks of such neglected and talented writers for the theater as Tom Barry, Zoe Akins and the like. Meeting in front parlors and dabbling with orangeices is one thing. Producing "Soul Machines" is one thing. But helping the American stage is yet another thing.

The holiday upon the stage of the Empire is being celebrated, as custom holds, with Barrie's rare weave, "Peter Pan." I have, in the ten years since its initial presentation, written often and much of this eerie and joyful play—but never have I been able so spily to cast its spirit into true.

this eerie and joyful play—but never have I been able so aptly to cast its spirit into type as now my rotund friend. Robert Hobart Davis, kaiser-in-chief of the publications of the House of Munsey, has contrived to cast it. Bob Davis, as the world more familiarly knows the man, upon the opening of the play the other night, sent to Maude Adams a letter. This letter, which till now no one but Davis, the lady herself and I have laid eyes upon, conveys so happily the feeling which "Peter Pan" and its principal exponent spread, like chiffon rosemary, over an audience of sere and cynic souls—it has in it so nicely a critique of the work—that I am gratified to have used my witchcraft successfully against its scrivener and by such foul means to have persuaded him to permit me to give it to you. The letter:

Dear Peter Pan: Every year I wait for you to come back to New York. My folks

and we expect to have the night of our lives next Tuesday. Lissen Peter: When you fly away on the wind couldn't you fly over me and drop something so I could remember you

will, I suppose you're busy getting ready for the show. So am I. Father says when I grow up I won't care so much for the theater body can keep me away as long as you're acting. My pal asks me to send you his love

Yours forever, (Signed) ROBERT H. DAVIS. P. S.-When you hear that heart stop beatin, it's mine and you can start it up again by just one little kind look. (Signed) BOB DAVIS.

measure of lilting, if already familiar, syncopation, together with some rather jocose gymnastics by John Hazzard, a very pretty face by Alice Dovey, some eye-piquing costumes from the hand of Melville Ellis and from the mill of Hickson, several pinchable ladies in and out of the chorus, a sorry Ford jest, a sport shirt, a buriesque scene from Marie Cahill's last season's fallure Ninety in the Shade" a song from Elsie Janis's this season's failure "Miss Information," a pair of black and white checkered spats, a number of melodies

INFANT PRODIGY SAYS SHE WAS BORN THAT WAY

"Mlle. Sugar Plum," Alias Marilynn Miller, Who Will Be Seen at the Belasco Theater Soon With Winter Garden Show, Has Spent Most of Her Life Eluding Gerry Society.

"Living down the reputation of an infant prodigy," says Marilynn Miller, who will dance at the Belasco Theater for one week beginning January 17, in the Winter Garden revue. "The Passing Show of 1915," "Is not an easy matter. For twelve years I was under its spell, but my escape came one year and a half ago when I was able to play for the first time before a metropolitan audlence at the New York Winter Garden. Previous to that I was banished to the territory outlying New York and Illinois, because the law would not permit me to appear in either of those States.

"How did I happen to be an infant

"How did I happen to be an infant prodigy? It was the most natural thing in the world. I guess I was born that way. My father and mother and two way. My father and mother and two sisters were all performers, my father. Cano Miller, having been on the stage since he was a boy. He was living in Findiay, Ohio, when the juvenile 'Pinafore' craze first swept the country from ocean to ocean and, possessing a good voice, he ran away from home and joined one of those organizations, singing the role of Sir Joseph Porter. That, I believe was the beginning of our career. the role of Sir Joseph Porter. That, I believe, was the beginning of our career on the stage. By and by, after he had become of age and was then an established performer, he married and when my two sisters came and they grew old enough they were added to the act, which was called 'The Columbian Four.' My sister Ruth was a wonderful soft shoe dancer and was called 'the female George Primrose.' Claire, the other, was also a very clever dancer, but her real

also a very clever cancer, but her real forte was the plano.

"When I was born, however, there was never any thought of my going on the stage. My home, by the way, was in Evansville, Ind., and not Findlay, Ohio. As soon as I was old enough I was bun-dled up and taken along with the act. One day I saw a moving picture of a Russian ballet dancer and I was so impressed with the work of this woman that I began imitating her. Of course, I had seen my sisters dance on the stage but they never seemed to make the sam

They encouraged my efforts and as

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NEXT WEEK - - - THE ROSELAND GIRLS

THEATRICAL BRIEFS.

ment of Poll's Theater this week. Mr. Cone, who has been the manager for the last six months, leaves this morning in his attomobile for New Haven. Conn., the head office of the Poll organization.

Mary Nash has been engaged by Klaw and Erlanger and George C. Tyler to create the leading role in "The Ohio Lady." the new play by Booth Tarking-ton and Julian Street.

When Henry W. Savage produced "Along Came Ruth," at the Olympic Theater, Chicago, the title role, which is to be played this week by Florence Rittenhouse, was enacted by Florence Shirley, the attractive little leading woman

FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION

NEW WILLARD HOTEL, Jan. 8 to 11.

MASS MEETING At Poll's Theater Sunday, Jan. 8, 8 P. M.

Speakers: Miss Jane Addams, Mrs. Car-

Mr. Lee Shubert.

"So now that I am 16-I feel like a grandmother. I hope no one will call me a prodigy. I'm just a plain little girl who dances because she loves to." POLI'S THEATER Monday Afternoon, January 16, 4:30. Prices 43.00, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00. on sale at Droop's, 13th and G

AMUSEMENTS

Plum' was dropped and we were ther

"About three years ago we went to London to appear in a big revue, but sister Ruth married shortly after we arrived, as did sister Claire. That is how it came about that I danced alone in

London and had the good fortune to mee

billed as 'The Five Columbians

AMUSEMENTS.





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LINA CAVALIERI SAYS Beautiful operetta. It afforded me great pleasure. LILLIAN RUSSELL SAYS

EMMY DESTINN SAYS "Magnificent; enjoyed it again and again." MISCHA ELMAN SAYS "Saw and heard greatest delight."

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Alexandria Carlisle, who last year a peared as leading women for John Dre the Poll Players, gave his first performance in support of William Faversham "David Garrick" which will be the thin "The Hawk" at the Belasco Theater last Monday evening.

Henrietta Crosman is again in Keith "Lord Dundreary."

AMUSEMENTS.

MATINEES ALL THIS

WEB. and SAT. WEEK The only theater in Washington effering exclusively American and foreign stars of the first re-A. H. WOODS PRESENTS

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